

Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

# ROCKY LANE

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

## WESTERN

BIG 52 PAGES

November

10¢

No. 7

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# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

# Rocky Lane and The Rustlers' Haven

**SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE** has come across all sorts of rustlers' tricks, but none to match -- in **SHREWDNESS**, in **DARING**, in **COLD-BLOODED HEARTLESSNESS** -- with those he discovers at the risk of his life in *The Rustlers' Haven!*

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One early dawn on the western plains...

I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT THE CHIEF MARSHAL WANTS TO SEE US ABOUT, BLACK JACK! WELL, WE'LL SOON REACH LAREDO CITY AND FIND OUT!

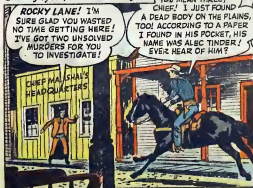


WHOA, BLACK JACK! THERE'S SOMEONE BEHIND THAT CACTUS!



IT'S A MAN---AND HE'S BEEN SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD! I RECKON I'D BETTER SEARCH HIS CLOTHES TO SEE IF HE HAS ANY IDENTIFICATION ON HIM!

Shortly after, in Laredo City...



ROCKY LANE! I'M SURE GLAD YOU WASTED NO TIME GETTING HERE! I'VE GOT TWO UNSOLVED MURDERS FOR YOU TO INVESTIGATE!

YOU MEAN THREE, CHIEF! I JUST FOUND A DEAD BODY ON THE PLAINS, TOO! ACCORDING TO A PAPER I FOUND IN HIS POCKET, HIS NAME WAS ALEC TINDER! EVER HEAR OF HIM?



YES, HE HAD A RANCH OUTSIDE OF LAREDO -- JUST LIKE BROCK AND DALTON, THE OTHER TWO MEN WE FOUND MURDERED! ONE BODY WAS FOUND IN THE HILLS AND THE OTHER IN THE RIVER -- BOTH ON THE SAME DAY!

DO YOU KNOW WHETHER THEY MIGHT HAVE HAD A COMMON ENEMY?



I DON'T RECKON SO! AS FAR AS I KNOW, THOSE POOR GRITTERS WERE ONLY CASUAL ACQUAINTANCES. THAT'S WHAT MAKES THIS CASE SO DURN HARD TO FIGURE OUT! WE CAN'T FIND A SINGLE CLUE!

TELL ME THE LOCATION OF THE DEAD MEN'S RANCHES! MAYBE SOMEBODY THERE CAN THROW SOME LIGHT ON THIS MYSTERY!



And Rocky starts his rounds at the Tinder Ranch...

---AND ALL I CAN TELL YUH IS THAT MUH HUSBAND, ALEC, LEFT HYAR TO BUY SOME HORSES FROM THE BAR DOUBLE X RANCH THIS MORNING AND HE NEVER CAME BACK!

THANK YOU, MAM! NOW I RECKON I'D BETTER RIDE OVER TO THE BROCK RANCH!

Shortly after, at the Brock Ranch...

---AND WHEN I LAST SAW BROCK, HE WAS HEADING FOR THE BAR DOUBLE X RANCH TO BUY SOME NEW HORSES.

THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION! I'LL HUSTLE OVER TO THE DALTON SPREAD!



At the Dalton Ranch...

AND WHEN DALTON RODE OFF, HE SAID HE WAS GOING TUH STOP OFF AT THE BAR DOUBLE X RANCH TUH BUY SOME NEW STALLIONS!



WELL, I FOUND OUT ONE THING THE THREE DEAD MEN HAD IN COMMON. WHEN LAST SEEN, THEY WERE ALL HEADING FOR THE BAR DOUBLE X RANCH! NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT IF THEY EVER ARRIVED THERE!

LET'S GO, BLACK JACK! WE'RE GOING TO DROP IN AT THE BAR DOUBLE X!



Later...

THIS SURE MUST BE GOOD HORSE COUNTRY! WE PASSED NOTHING BUT HORSE RANCHES IN THE PAST HOUR. THE BAR DOUBLE X SHOULD BE RIGHT UP AHEAD.



The Bar Double X Ranch...

HOWDY, STRANGER! MY NAME'S HANK CANSY! IF YO'RE INTERESTED IN BUYING SOME HORSES, YUH GOT HERE JUST IN TIME! THIS IS THE LAST BATCH WE EXPECT TUH HAVE FOR A FEW DAYS!



THANKS, BUT BLACK JACK IS ALL THE HORSE I NEED! RIGHT NOW I'M LOOKING FOR SOME INFORMATION. CAN YOU TELL ME IF YOU EVER SOLD ANY HORSES TO EITHER TOM DALTON, ALEC TINDER OR JACK BROCK?



I HAVE SO MANY CUSTOMERS, I COULDN'T REMEMBER RIGHT OFF. IF YUH COME INSIDE, I'LL BE GLAD TO CHECK MY RECORDS.

THAT'S MIGHTY OBLIGING!



ACCORDING TO THE LEDGER, I DID SELL SOME HORSES TO EACH OF THOSE HOMBRES. BUT WHAT MAKES YUH ASK ABOUT THEM, ANYWAY?

THEY WERE ALL FOUND MURDERED! AND FROM WHAT YOU JUST TOLD ME, I KNOW THEY WERE NOT KILLED ON THEIR WAY HERE, BUT...



--AFTER THEY LEFT HERE WITH THEIR HORSES! THE MURDERER OR MURDERERS MUST BE HORSE RUSTLERS! DO YOU KNOW OF ANY PARTICULAR RUSTLING GANG WORKING AROUND THESE PARTS?

NO! SINCE ALL THE SPREADS AROUND HERE ARE HORSE RANCHES, ANY ONE OF THE RANCH OWNERS MIGHT BE THE RUSTLERS --- BUT YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TUH PROVE IT!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT?

SINCE ALL THE RANCHERS AROUND HYAR RAISE HORSES FER TRADING PURPOSES, THEY DON'T BOTHER TO BRAND THEM. IF ONE OF THEM WAS THE RUSTLER, ALL HE'D HAVE TO DO IS PUT THE STOLEN HORSES WITH HIS AND YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE THEY DIDN'T BELONG TO HIM! HOWEVER ---

--- IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP YOU CATCH THE NO-GOOD COYOTES, JUST LET ME KNOW! THERE'S NOTHING LOWER THAN A RUSTLER!

THANKS! IF I THINK OF ANYTHING, I'LL LET YOU KNOW.

I DID THINK OF SOMETHING, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO MENTION IT WITH ALL HIS MEN STANDING AROUND. ANY ONE OF THEM MIGHT BE WORKING HAND IN HAND WITH THE RUSTLERS! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KILL SOME TIME UNTIL IT'S DARK. THEN WE'RE RETURNING HERE!

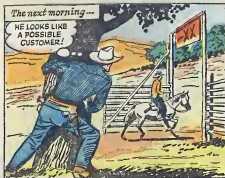
That night ---

NO ONE'S AROUND. GOOD!

NOW TO GIVE A FEW OF THESE TAILS A SHORT CROP!

AS SOON AS I FINISH, I'LL STAY OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL SOMEONE SHOWS UP TO BUY THESE HORSES!



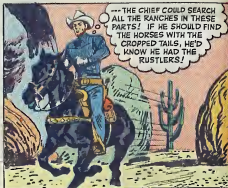


A few minutes later...

BEFORE I DO ANYTHING ELSE, I'VE GOT TO BRING THE CHIEF MARSHAL UP-TO-DATE ON THIS CASE! IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO ME ON THAT TRIP WITH HOPKINS BACK TO HIS RANCH—



...THE CHIEF COULD SEARCH ALL THE RANCHES IN THESE PARTS! IF HE SHOULD FIND THE HORSES WITH THE CROPPED TAILS, HE'D KNOW WE HAD THE RUSTLERS!



Suddenly—

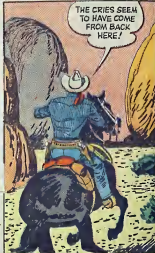
HELP!  
HELP!

WHOA,  
BLACK  
JACK!  
SOMEONE'S  
IN TROUBLE  
ON THE OTHER  
SIDE OF THE  
PASS!

WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE,  
BUT WE HAVE TO GO BACK  
AND SEE IF WE CAN BE  
OF ANY HELP!



THE CRIES SEEM  
TO HAVE COME  
FROM BACK  
HERE!



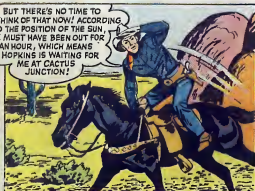
THAT'S FUNNY!  
I DON'T SEE  
ANYONE!



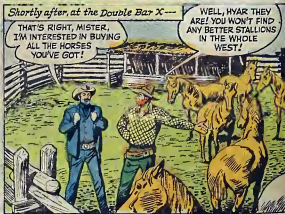
CONK!

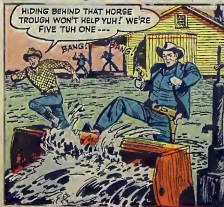
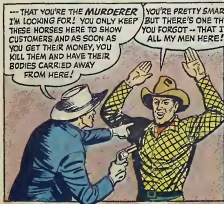




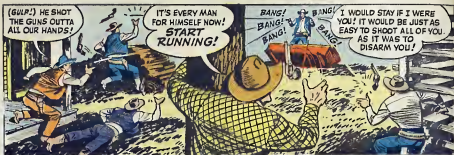


ROCKY LANE WESTERN





# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



*Later, at the Chief Marshal's office--*

--- BUT YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHAT PUT YOU ON CANBY'S TRACK!

AFTER I FOUND HOPKINS DEAD, I REMEMBERED CANBY WAS THE ONLY OTHER PERSON AROUND WHEN I TOLD HOPKINS I HAD TO VISIT LAREDO CITY BEFORE MEETING HIM AT CACTUS JUNCTION. THEREFORE, HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULDN'T HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR HAVING ME KNOCKED OUT TO GIVE HIM AND HIS MEN A CHANCE TO MURDER HOPKINS AND TAKE BACK THE HORSES!



YOU DID A GREAT JOB, ROCKY! AS SOON AS I GET ANOTHER TOUGH CASE, I'LL SEND FOR YOU!



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**BILLY BATSON**





# BADGE OF COURAGE

By R. R. Symes



"I'm riding alone," said Slim Mercer, firmly. "It's the only way!"

"Don't do it, boy!" urged the old judge. "You'll be riding into a death trap. Let us round up a special posse of deputy Marshals to send with you. Then you'll have some backing."

"No, this is a one-man job," Slim declared. "Any posse smaller than the U. S. Army would likely be wiped out before it got as far as the post office in Crossbone City. Isn't that right, Sheriff Ingle?"

"I'm afraid it is," responded the sheriff, gloomily. "Crossbone City is out of my territory and I'm not saying I'm not glad. Lawmen don't last long over there. And as long as Blackwell Bart is making that the headquarters for himself and his band of owlhoots, there's no posse going to get anywhere near the center of that town without some good men eating lead."

"Then if it's impossible for a posse, how can one man expect to accomplish anything alone?" asked the judge.

"Here's the way I figure it," responded Slim Mercer. "I'm not known in Crossbone City. I can get in without attracting any attention. Then I aim to put Blackwell Bart out of business. The way I calculate, his followers are just that. If he's put out of the way, they'll be like sheep without a leader. But as long as he's around to put starch in them, they'll run out any sized posse that tries to clean up Crossbone City."

"Sounds like a good idea," put in the sheriff. "The only catch in it is that you have to put Blackwell Bart out of business to make it work. He's a gun-slinging killer and he draws so fast he makes lightning look like a snail."

"I know," said Slim, "but I'm going after him anyway. I've got special reasons."

The other men were silent, their faces grave. They knew the "special reasons." Blackwell Bart was wanted for cattle-rustling, horse-thieving, bank-robbing, stage-holdups and as-

sorted styles of murder. He was, in his territory, as notorious an outlaw as ever roamed the old west. And his latest victim had been a veteran, respected Pony Express rider. A man named Grady Mercer. Slim's father.

SLIM GENTLY REINED UP his big horse, Firebrand. The bay responded immediately and they were together, poised, standing still, like a statue of some bygone general. Above them, to the left, were the mountain peaks, purple blue. Below, to the right, the rocky terrain leveled off gradually and in the valley was the little town of Crossbone City.

Mercer took a deep breath. Then he carefully unpinned the U. S. Marshal badge from his vest, looked at it fondly, kissed it, and tossed it into the sagebrush. An easy pressure with his knees urged Firebrand forward and man and horse moved at a relaxed pace down the grade toward Crossbone City. As they loped along, Slim patted his gun butt. It was an instinctive gesture. He was going up against a killer, a killer who "draws so fast he makes lightning look like a snail."

He dismounted in front of the Golden Nugget saloon. His boots made a firm clomp-clomp on the board walk as he strode toward the swinging doors. Inside he stepped to the bar and ordered a plain soda.

Crossbone City was a wide-open town where gambling and crime were the chief occupations, where known criminals could always find haven, where the only law was a fast draw. Slim knew it to be a favorite hide-out of Blackwell Bart. But he knew, also, that everybody in town was on the side of the notorious badman, either through criminal kinship or fear. He knew that if he put forth one suspicious question about Bart he'd be shot in the back. And he knew it would be fatal if anyone even suspected him of being a U. S. Marshal. So he couldn't ask questions. He must wait. Patiently. Days, if necessary, until he should see Bart with his own eyes.



**BANDITS BOMBED BY BOTTLES!**

*DASHIELL HAMMETT'S*  
**Adventures of SAM SPADE**

**LISTEN TO:** "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

**O-O-O-O-OH, SAM! A HELICOPTER RIDE!**

**YEP! WITH DWIGHT NITTO, THE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL SALESMAN**

**WHERE DO WE SIT WITH ALL THIS WILDROOT CREAM-OIL...HEY, LISTEN!**

**THE BANDITS ARE REPORTED RACING TOWARD THE BORDER. POLICE WARN MOTORISTS TO CLEAR HIGHWAY #1 FOR MOTORCYCLES PURSUING THE BANDIT CAR.**

**THERE'S HIGHWAY #1 AND THERE'S A CAR WITH MOTORCYCLES ABOUT A MILE BEHIND...**

**NOW IF THEY JUST HAD A BLOWOUT! THAT WOULD STOP 'EM!**

**WELL, LET'S GIVE 'EM A BLOWOUT! FLY OVER THE ROAD! HEAD OF 'EM, WATCH... LET'S OPEN THESE CASES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL**

**CREAM-OIL AWAY!**

**WHY SO GLUM, SAM? THOSE GLASS BOTTLES STOPPED 'EM**

**YEAH! BUT THEY WERE FULL OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. THINK OF ALL THE GUYS WHO WON'T HAVE HANDSOME, WELL-GROOMED HAIR... JUST BECAUSE OF ME!**

**POOR, SAM...**

**SAM SPADE ASKS:**

**CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?**



**TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD. IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS AND LOOSE, SCALY Dandruff YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC. NON-ALCOHOLIC -CONTAINS SOOTHING LINDOLIN**



**EFFIE SAYS:**

**SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROOMING AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN PERMANENTS. MOTHERS FIND IT WONDERFUL FOR TRAINING CHILDREN'S HAIR.**



**H**IS patience was not extended. He had stood by the bar less than ten minutes, leaning on one elbow, silent, when his keen eyes caught sight of the familiar evil face in the bar mirror. Bart had entered and was speaking to some poker players. Then he moved and his back was to the bar.

A voice inside Slim Mercer seemed to say, "Shoot him in the back! Now! He's a murderer! He killed your father!"

Slim's right hand edged toward his gun. His left gripped the bar.

"Shoot him in the back!" persisted the inner voice.

The Marshal shook his head, as if in response to an out-loud question. With cat-like grace he vaulted the bar. A quick shove got the bartender out of the way. Even as he leaped, Slim was shouting, "Blackwell Bart, you're under arrest."

Bart whirled, two guns blazing. Slim ducked behind the bar as the last word, "arrest," was leaving his lips. Even so, he wasn't quite quick enough. A slug caught him in the shoulder and rocked him. He winced at the searing pain.

Then he popped up, squeezed his trigger twice. Bart howled with pain as his guns clattered to the floor. Slugs from the sharp-shooting Marshal had clipped both Bart's arms; broken them, as it proved later. The murderer would never be a "fast draw" again.

**B**UT Slim still was not out of the woods.

He'd carried out his threat to put Bart out of business, but he was still in a nest of enemies and much weaker than he'd realized. His wound hurt. He was losing lots of blood. With his strength ebbing and his brain beginning to fog up, he puckered his lips and whistled.

Firebrand heard, moved quickly across the wooden sidewalk and through the swinging doors. Using a last surge of strength, Slim clambered across the top of the bar and onto the saddle. Firebrand carried him through the swinging doors, across the board sidewalk, up the dusty main street, up the grade to the narrow pass in the foothills.

The element of surprise: first the quick shooting of the seemingly unbeatable Bart; then the appearance of the horse in the saloon,

fortunately had stalled off pursuit long enough for Firebrand to get a good head start. He was out of gunshot range before Bart's men took after him.

They were closing in when the special posse of deputies moved in from two sides and captured the outlaws with comparative ease. Slim had guessed right. Without their leader, they were like confused sheep. But he didn't see the victory. He had slipped from Firebrand's back and lay unconscious on the ground.

**THE OLD JUDGE** looked at Slim Mercer, propped up in bed, and grinned. "Well, boy," said the judge, stroking his white goatee, "you'll be happy to know that, thanks to you, we were able to send a posse in and round up all the owlhoots in Crossbone City."

"Blackwell Bart, too?" asked Slim.

"Him especially," said the judge. "He's got both arms in slings and I wouldn't be surprised if his neck'll be in one by the time the jury gets through with him. You sure cleaned out a bad nest."

"Me?" Slim raised his eyebrows. "I didn't do anything. Don't deserve any credit. Didn't catch anybody and barely got out with my own skin."

"No credit!" snorted the judge. "Hah! Why you're the first man ever to face Bart head on in a shooting match and live to tell about it. It was brave, but it was also like trying to commit suicide. You're the most courageous Marshal that ever wore a badge."

"Oh, speaking of badge," said Slim, "I'll need a new one."

"Lose the old one?"

"No. Threw her away."

"Threw her away? Now why in all plumb tarnation did you go and do a thing like that?"

"I was afraid," said Slim.

"You afraid?" exclaimed the old judge. "Pah! Why you're not afraid of a regiment of rattlesnakes."

**"I WAS afraid,"** insisted Slim. "Afraid I might disgrace that badge; afraid that when the chips were down, I might not have the nerve to meet Blackwell Bart face to face. You see, there was a great temptation to shoot him in the back!"

**THE END**

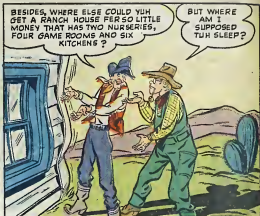


# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



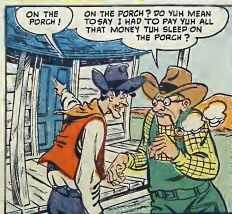
WHAT DO YUH MEAN ?

WHERE ELSE COULD YUH SPREAD OUT SO EASILY ?



BESIDES, WHERE ELSE COULD YUH GET A RANCH HOUSE FER SO LITTLE MONEY THAT HAS TWO NURSERIES, FOUR GAME ROOMS AND SIX KITCHENS ?

BUT WHERE AM I SUPPOSED TUH SLEEP ?



ON THE PORCH !

ON THE PORCH ? DO YUH MEAN TO SAY I HAD TO PAY YUH ALL THAT MONEY TUH SLEEP ON THE PORCH ?



TAKE IT EASY, FRISBY ! YUH DIDN'T PAY MUCH FER THE PLACE ! WHY, PROPERTY'S SO EXPENSIVE THESE DAYS THAT A MAN WITH A SPECK OF DIRT IN HIS EYES IS WEALTHY !

IF I DON'T GET MUH MONEY BACK---



-YUH'LL HAVE MORE THAN A SPECK OF DIRT IN YORE EYES-- AND IT'LL BE MUH FIST !

IF YUH THINK THAT KIND OF TALK SCARES ME---



---IT DOES !

HEY, COME BACK ! I'M SORRY IF I HURT YORE FEELINGS !

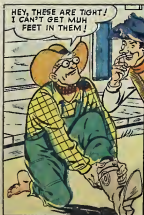
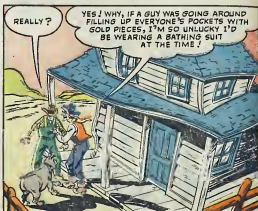


IT'S NOT MUH FEELINGS I'M WORRIED ABOUT YUH HURTING !

STOP RUNNING OR I'LL SIC MUH DOG ON YUH !



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN





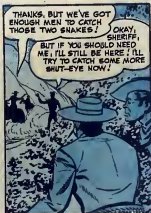
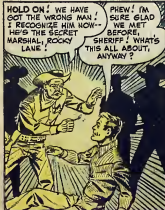
REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

# Rocky Lane

## in THWARTED JUSTICE!



One night, as Rocky Lane is sleeping in the Hills outside Larrup City!







I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING BEHIND ME!



YOU TWO MUST BE THE CRITTERS THE POSSE IS SEARCHING FOR!

UGH!

POW!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE LARRIPUP JAILHOUSE--

THESE ARE THE TWO CRITTERS WE WERE SEARCHING FER, ALL RIGHT, BUT DID YUH SEE ANYTHING OF THE STOLEN BANK MONEY?

NO! WHEN THEY COME TO, YOU'LL HAVE TO QUESTION THEM! IT LOOKS AS IF SLEEP WASN'T MEANT FOR ME TONIGHT! I RECKON I MIGHT AS WELL MOVE ON TO THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS!

BUT WHEN THE BANDITS REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS--

OKAY, YUH TWO, IF YOU CONFESS WHERE YUH HID THE BANK MONEY, I'LL RECOMMEND THE JURY GO EASY ON YUH.



SAVE YORE BREATH, SHERIFF! WE AIN'T TALKING!

AND A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE TRIAL---

WE, THE JURY, FIND LONGHORN AND DRIFTER GUILTY OF MURDER AND SENTENCE THEM TO HANG AT NOON TWO DAYS FROM TODAY!

ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF! YOU MAY TAKE THE PRISONERS BACK TO JAIL UNTIL THEN!



I RECKON YUH MIGHT AS WELL TELL ME WHERE YOU HID THE LOOT! THE MONEY'S NOT GONNA DO YUH ANY GOOD ON THE GALLOW'S.



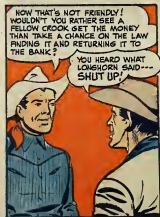
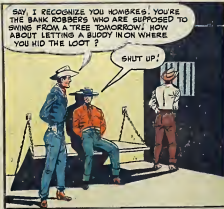
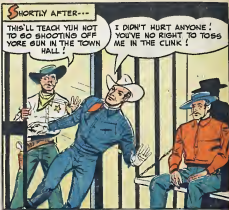
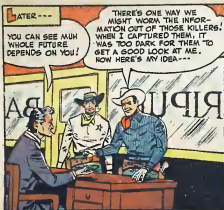
WE WON'T TELL! YUH CAN HANG US, BUT YOU'LL NEVER FIND THAT MONEY!

SHORTLY AFTER---

I HEARD TELL THOSE TWO MURDERERS STILL REFUSE TUH SAY WHERE THEY HID THE MONEY THEY STOLE FROM MUH BANK, SHERIFF! I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TUH CLOSE THE BANK AND DECLARE BANKRUPTCY!

IT LOOKS THAT WAY, MALLOY! BUT BEFORE YUH DO ANYTHING, I'D LIKE TO SEND FER ROCKY LANE! IF ANYBODY CAN GET THEM TO TALK, HE'S THE ONE TO DO IT!





WHEN THE SHERIFF TAKES YOU TWO OUT TO BRING YOU TO THE HANGING FIELDS, I'LL BE WAITING OUTSIDE WITH A COVERED WAGON. WHILE I TAKE CARE OF HIM, YOU JUMP INTO THE WAGON. THEN WE'LL ALL HEAD FOR THE LOOT!

IT'S WORTH A TRY!  
AFTER ALL, WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO LOSE?



THE NEXT MORNING ---

OKAY, YUH CAN GO NOW, BUT I WANT YUH OUTTA TOWN BY NOON --- BEFORE THESE TWO CRITTERS HANG!

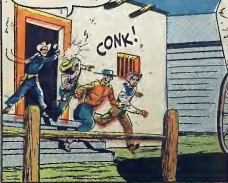


AND AT NOON ---

OKAY, LET'S GET GOING! THERE'S A COUPLE OF NOOSES WAITING TUH MEET UP WITH YORE NECKS!



OKAY, YOU TWO! HOP INTO THE WAGON!



THE SHERIFF IS A GOOD ACTOR! I HARDLY TOUCHED HIM!

HEAD FOR THE HILLS, PARTNER! WE'LL SHOW YOU WHERE WE HID THE LOOT!

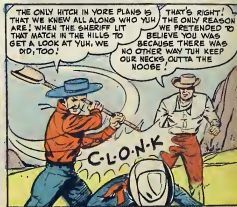
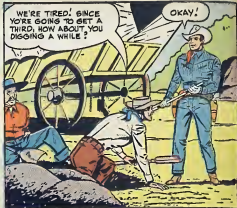
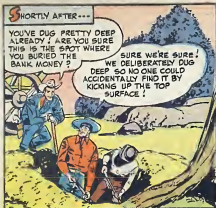


NOW THINGS ARE MOVING THE WAY I LIKE THEM!

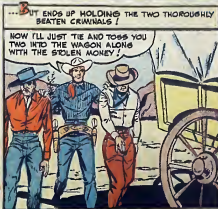
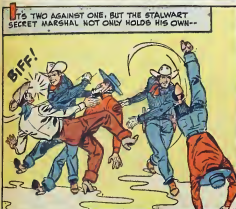


AS SOON AS THEY SHOW ME WHERE THEY'VE HIDDEN THE LOOT, I'LL BRING IT AND THEM BACK TO THE SHERIFF!









**SPECIAL OFFER**

**YOU.... CAN GET "ROCKY'S" PICTURE WITH "BLACK JACK" AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY - SEND FOR IT TODAY!!!**

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON AND 25¢ FOR ONE LARGE PHOTO OF "ROCKY" AND "BLACK JACK" AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY.

PRINT NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

(IF YOU WANT 5 LARGE PICTURES OF "ROCKY" AND "BLACK JACK" ALL AUTOGRAPHED TO YOU PERSONALLY, ENCLOSE \$1.00)

ADDRESS: ROCKY LANE  
4024 NORTH BLVD. AVE.  
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.



"ROCKY" WITH BLACK JACK

# ROPING 'N' RIDING With



4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.  
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

## HOWDY "PODNER'S":

I'VE JUST BEEN READING SOME OF THE LETTERS YOU FELLOWS AND GIRLS HAVE BEEN SENDING BLACK JACK AND ME, AND IT SURE MAKES ME FEEL GOOD TO KNOW THAT NO MATTER WHICH WAY BLACK JACK AND I MAKE TRACKS WE'VE GOT A LOT OF SWELL PALS WAITING AT THE END OF THE TRAIL. KEEP THOSE LETTERS COMING, PARDS. I'M MIGHTY ANXIOUS TO HEAR FROM ALL OF YOU.

NOW THAT OLD MAN WINTER IS SADDLIN' UP TO COME RIDIN' OUR WAY, HAPPY HOLIDAYS ARE STRUNG CLEAR ACROSS THE CALENDAR. I LIKE HOLIDAYS AND I RECKON YOU DO, TOO. WHEN HOLIDAYS POP UP, EVERYBODY GETS TO FEELING MIGHTY GOOD INSIDE AND A HEAP MORE SMILING IS DONE THAN FROWNING, AND SMILING IS MIGHTY GOOD MEDICINE FOR EVERYBODY. SOME FOLKS, THOUGH, HAVE A KNACK OF FORGETTING HOW COME WE HAVE SOME OF THESE HOLIDAYS.

TAKE THANKSGIVING DAY, FOR INSTANCE. IF THE OLD TIME PILGRIMS HAD HAD PLENTY OF GOOD, EASY-TO-GET GRUB HANDY, THEY MIGHT HAVE PLUMB FORGOTTEN TO BE THANKFUL FOR IT. IN THOSE DAYS, FOLKS COULDN'T JUST RUN DOWN TO THE CORNER GROCERY STORE OR BUTCHER SHOP WHEN THEIR FOOD RAN OUT. NO, SIR. THEY HAD TO STRUGGLE HARD FOR THEIR VITTLES AND WHEN THEY HAD A BOUNTIFUL CROP THEY REALIZED THEY HAD PLENTY TO BE THANKFUL FOR, SO THEY STARTED THANKSGIVING DAY. SO JUST REMEMBER THAT WHEN YOUR MOM ASKS YOU TO HIGH-TAIL IT DOWN TO THE GROCERY STORE TO PICK UP SOMETHING FOR SUPPER. IN THE OLD DAYS, YOU WOULD HAVE HAD TO HIT THE TRAIL WITH YOUR SHOOTIN'-IRON PRIMED AND COCKED, HOPING SOME GAME YOU COULD DRAW A BEAD ON WOULD SHOW UP.

OF COURSE, THINGS HAVE CHANGED A HEAP SINCE THOSE DAYS, BUT WHEN WE'RE STOWING AWAY THAT SECOND HELPING OF TURKEY, I RECKON THAT WOULD BE AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO BE MIGHTY THANKFUL THAT THEY HAVE.

WELL, PARDS, BLACK JACK AND I WILL BE HEADIN' DOWN THE ROAD NOW, BUT WE'LL BE BACK IN OUR NEXT ISSUE FOR ANOTHER FRIENDLY VISIT. TILL THEN--GOOD LUCK.

YOUR PALS,

*Allan "Rocky" Lane*

AND BLACK JACK U

P.S. OUR LATEST MOVIE ADVENTURES NOW SHOWING ON YOUR LOCAL SCREENS ARE "THE DENVER KID" AND "SUNDOWN IN SANTA FE."





Tasty, pure, and wholesome, too!

A big, chewy piece plus comics, fortunes, facts

GET SOME TODAY

1¢



FRANK H. FLEER CORP.  
PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

**Buster**

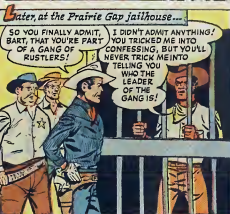
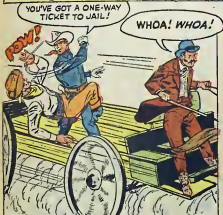


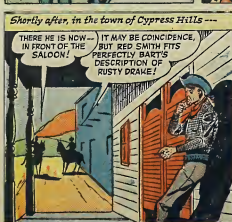
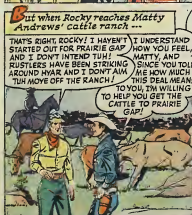
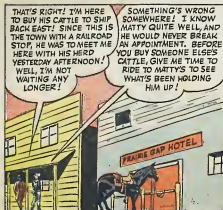
REPUBLIC PICTURE'S STAR

# Rocky Lane

## THE and PRAIRIE GAP DEADLINE









NO! IF I DID THAT, THE REST OF HIS GANG WOULD RUN AWAY! I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM AND HIS GANG ALL AT ONCE! I THINK I KNOW HOW TO DO IT, BUT I'LL NEED YOUR HELP, MATTY!



After the secret marshal explains his plan ---

ALL RIGHT, ROCKY! I'LL GO ALONG WITH YORE SCHEME! YOU HEAD FOR PRAIRIE GAP PRONTO AND TELL THE SHERIFF TO ROUND UP A POSSE. LEAVE THE REST TO ME!



HELLO, THERE! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU IN PRIVATE!

YUH MUST'VE MADE A MISTAKE! YUH SURE YOU KNOW ME, PARTNER? MUH HANDLE'S RED SMITH!



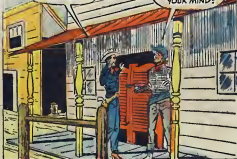
SURE, I KNOW YOU! YOU ALSO TRAVEL UNDER THE NAME OF RUSTY DRAKE!

YUH TALK TOO MUCH FER YORE OWN GOOD, STRANGER!



TAKE IT EASY WITH THE HARDWARE! YOUR HENCHMAN, BART, TOLD ME WHERE I COULD FIND YOU. I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION TO MAKE!

BART TOLD YOU? WELL, THAT'S DIFFERENT! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?



MATTY ANDREWS HIRED ME TO RIDE HIS CATTLE TO THE RAILROAD DEPOT AT PRAIRIE GAP. I FIGURED IF I COULD MEET YOU IN THE HILLS AND TURN THEM OVER TO YOU, YOU COULD TAKE THEM INTO PRAIRIE GAP AND SELL THEM TO THE HOMBRE BROWN, WHO'S WAITING THERE TO BUY THEM. THEN WE DIVVY ON THE PROFITS!

SOUNDS INTERESTING, BUT WHY DON'T YUH TAKE THEM INTO PRAIRIE GAP YORESELF INSTEAD OF CUTTING ME IN ON THE SWAG?

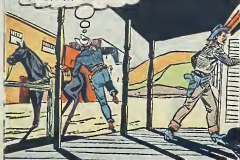


I'M NOT THAT DUMB! I FIGURED WHEN YOU SAW ME MOVE MATTY'S CATTLE THROUGH THE HILLS, YOU'D TRY TO RUSTLE THEM. AND WHAT CHANCE WOULD I STAND AGAINST YOU AND YOUR GANG? THIS WAY, I'M SURE OF GETTING PART OF THE PROFITS!

THAT'S SMART REASONING! OKAY, IT'S A DEAL! GET THE CATTLE MOVING. MY BOYS AND ME WILL MEET YOU AT THUNDER PASS!



EVERYTHING'S WORKING OUT JUST AS I HOPED!  
BY HANDING THE CATTLE OVER TO DRAKE,  
I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT  
HIS RUSTLING THEM AND  
DISAPPEARING! THIS WAY---



-- I KNOW HE'LL HEAD THE HERD INTO PRAIRIE GAP,  
AND WHEN HE GETS THERE, HE'S GOING TO FIND  
MATTY, THE SHERIFF AND A POSSE WAITING TO  
TAKE OVER! NOW TO  
ROUND UP THE CATTLE AND GET  
GOING!



But what Rocky Lane doesn't know is that Bart has  
escaped from the Prairie Gap jailhouse! And  
shortly after, at Thunder Pass ---

WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME YUH SHOWED  
UP, BART! WHERE HAVE YUH BEEN?  
I JUST AGREED TO A RUSTLING  
DEAL WITH THAT FRIEND YUH  
SENT TO LOOK ME UP!

FRIEND! BUT RUSTY,  
I NEVER SENT  
ANYBODY TO LOOK  
YOU UP!



LOOK! HYAR  
HE COMES  
NOW!

THAT AIN'T NO FRIEND OF  
MINE! THAT'S A LAWMAN--  
ROCKY LANE!



A LAWMAN! NOW I GET IT! HE  
WAS SENDING ME INTO A TRAP!  
WELL, THIS TRAP'S GOING TO  
CATCH THE  
WRONG  
CRITTER!

IF HE SEES ME HYAR,  
HE'LL KNOW YO'RE ON  
TO HIM! I'D BETTER STAY  
OUTTA SIGHT!



OKAY, RUSTY! HERE'S  
THE CATTLE! NOW WE  
CAN ALL START FOR  
PRAIRIE GAP!



GUESS AGAIN, MARSHAL!  
WE'RE HEADING IN  
THE OPPOSITE  
DIRECTION!

TAKE HIM DOWN  
TO THE RIVER AND  
HOLD HIS HEAD UNDER  
UNTIL HE DROWNS!  
THEN TOSS HIM IN! THE  
BOYS AND ME WILL HEAD  
THE CATTLE TOWARD OUR  
HIDE-OUT! YOU CAN  
MEET US THERE!



As Bart holds Rocky's head under, the cool water revives the unconscious secret marshal, and ---

(GUB!) WHERE AM I? -- NOW I REMEMBER!

HE'S BEEN UNDER ABOUT THREE MINUTES! ANOTHER FEW SECONDS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



But it doesn't take the game Rocky a few seconds to act!

OOF!



YOU'RE ONLY POSTPONING YOUR END! SWALLOWING ALL THAT WATER MUST'VE WEAKENED YUH! ONE PUNCH SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



ONE PUNCH WILL DO THE TRICK -- ONLY YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE VICTIM, NOT ME!

UGH!



THESE HANDCUFFS SHOULD KEEP HIM FROM GETTING AWAY UNTIL I COME BACK!

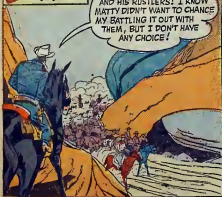


RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT TO SEE IF I CAN PICK UP RUSTY'S TRAIL! HE'S PROBABLY GONE IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION FROM PRAIRIE GAP, WHICH MEANS IF I FOLLOW THE OLD RIVER ROAD I SHOULD BE ABLE TO CUT HIM OFF!



Shortly after --

HERE COMES RUSTY DRAKE AND HIS RUSTLERS! I KNOW MATTY DIDN'T WANT TO CHANCE MY BATTLING IT OUT WITH THEM, BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE!



THESE THREE WILL HAVE ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT TRYING TO KEEP FROM GETTING TRAMPLED ON BY THE CATTLE TO BOTHER FIGHTING BACK!

RUSTY! LOOK! IT'S ROCKY LANE!

NEVER MIND THE PALAVER! START SHOOTING!



But before they can fire---

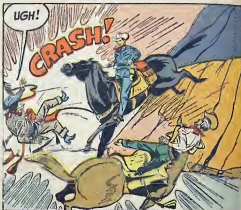
(GULP!) HE SHOT THE GUNS RIGHT OUTTA OUR HANDS!

WE'D BETTER RUN FOR IT!



UGH!

CRASH!



REACH FOR THE SKY! I'VE GOT YOU COVERED! ON THE WAY BACK TO THE JAILHOUSE, WE'LL STOP TO PICK UP YOUR PAL, BART! THEN I'VE GOT TO SEE HOW FAST I CAN GET THESE CATTLE TO PRAIRIE GAP! THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS ARE ALMOST UP!



Later, back in Prairie Gap--

THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS ARE UP! I'M LEAVING!

IT LOOKS AS IF THE RUSTLERS DIDN'T FALL FOR ROCKY'S SCHEME! I'M AFRAID I'M RUINED!



At that second---

HOLD IT! HYAR! COMES ROCKY WITH THE CATTLE NOW!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SHERIFF, BUT I DON'T SEE THE RUSTLERS!



WHOA, BLACK JACK! THE RUSTLERS ARE ALL BEHIND BARS IN CYPRESS HILLS, MATTY! YOU CAN TURN OVER YOUR CATTLE AND FINISH YOUR DEAL WITH BROWN!

I RECKON I CAN DISMISS THE POSSE! NO WONDER THEY CALL YOU THE PRIDE OF THE SECRET MARSHALS!



I GUESS THEY WON'T BE KEEPING US AROUND HERE ANY LONGER, BLACK JACK-- SO LET'S HIT THE TRAIL!



# WHITEY WHISKERS

"and THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL"



HEY, WHITEY WHISKERS!  
HOW 'BOUT HELPING ME OUT  
AND STUFFING ALL THESE SHEEPS'  
WOOL INTO THOSE  
SACKS?

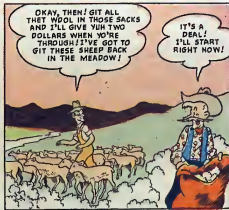
HUH? ME PUT ALL  
THET SHEEPS' WOOL INTO  
SACKS? NO SIR! WHUT  
DO YUH THINK I AM--  
A MUTTONHEAD?!!

SNIP!



BUT I DON'T WANT YUH  
TO DO IT FER NOTHING!  
I'LL PAY YUH FER IT!  
IT'S EASY WORK!

WAL, THET'S  
DIFFERENT!  
I DON'T MIND  
EASY WORK AND  
I DO LIKE  
GITTING  
PAID!



OKAY, THEN! GIT ALL  
THET WOOL IN THOSE SACKS  
AND I'LL GIVE YUH TWO  
DOLLARS WHEN YO'RE  
THROUGH! I'VE GOT TO  
GIT THESE SHEEP BACK  
IN THE MEADOW!

IT'S A  
DEAL!  
I'LL START  
RIGHT NOW!



I SHORE WISH I  
WUZ STUFFING  
MY POCKETS WITH  
GREENBACKS  
INSTEAD OF STUFFING  
THESE HYAR SACKS  
WITH WOOL!

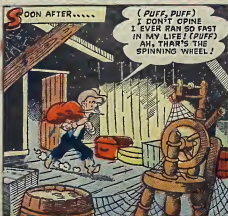


HMMM, THIS SHORE IS  
MIGHTY NICE WOOL!  
I RECKON THAR'LL BE  
PLENTY OF FINE SUITS  
MADE FROM IT! (SIGH)

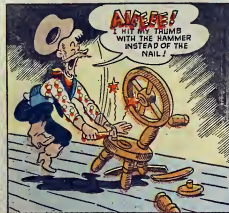
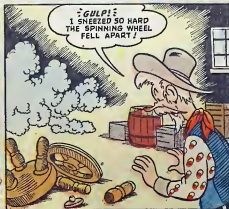
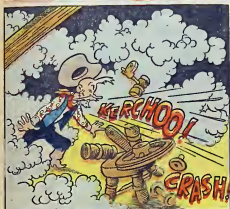
BUT THE TWO  
DOLLARS I'M  
AGONNA GIT FER  
THIS CHORE WON'T  
BUY ME A NICE  
NEW SUIT!

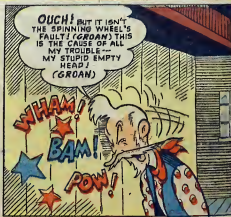
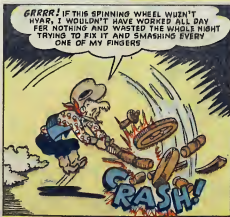
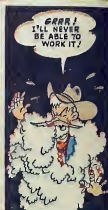


**W**HITEY WHISKERS IS ALMOST UNRECOGNIZABLE--- HE WORKS HARD AND QUICKLY---AND IN A FEW HOURS.....









REPUBLIC PICTURE'S STAR

# Rocky Lane and THE BORDER REVOLT



ON ONE SIDE OF THE BORDER, THERE'S THE TEXAS KID WHO WANTED FOR MURDER, IS WILLING TO DO ANYTHING TO STAY OUT OF THE CLUTCHES OF THE LAW. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BORDER, THERE'S THE GROUP OF REBELS LED BY PANCHO VALEZ, THE POWER-HUNGRY BANDIT WHO IS WILLING TO DO ANYTHING TO OVERTHROW HIS GOVERNMENT SO HE CAN TAKE OVER. COMBATING EITHER WOULD BE A FULL TIME JOB FOR ANY LAWMAN! BUT WHEN BOTH HAVE TO BE DEALT WITH SIMULTANEOUSLY, IT'S A HERCULEAN TASK THAT CAN BE ATTEMPTED BY ONLY ONE DARING LAWMAN---SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE!

TO  
MEXICO  
TO U.S.A.

JUST ACROSS THE MEXICAN BORDER---

EET EES LUCKY YOU WERE NOT EEN YOUR COACH, PRESIDENT SAUREZ, WHEN WE DROVE THROUGH THE HILLS OR YOU TOO WOULD BE FILLED WEEH BULLET HOLES JUST LIKE THE COACH!

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO DID THE SHOOTING?



YES, THERE EES NO DOUBT ABOUT EET! EET WAS PANCHO VALEZ AND HIS MEN!

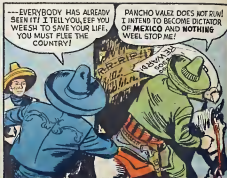


PANCHO VALEZ! I HAVE KNOWN FOR A LONG TIME HE WISHED TO START A REVOLUTION SO HE AND HIS EVIL FOLLOWERS COULD TAKE OVER THE GOVERNMENT. BUT THIS TIME, HE HAS GONE TOO FAR!

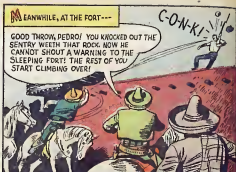
AS PRESIDENT I HEREBY OFFER ONE MILLION PESOS FOR THE CAPTURE OF PANCHO VALEZ--- DEAD OR ALIVE!



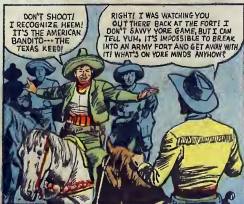
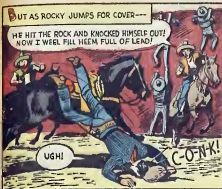
# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

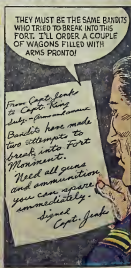


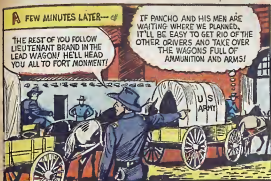


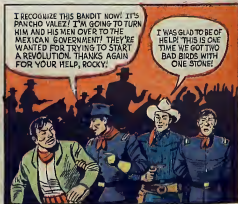
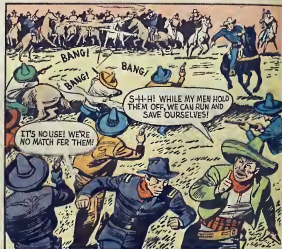
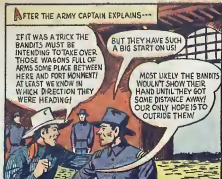












# Pursued by the Pirates

A DREAMLAND DRAMA... FEATURING "RED" WALKER

BRIGHT AFTER  
READING A BOOK  
ABOUT BLOODTHIRSTY  
BUCCANEERS, "RED"  
DROPS INTO  
DREAMLAND...



LUCKY I'VE GOT  
ON MY **BALL-  
BAND SPORTS  
SHOES...** THIS  
MAST IS  
SLIPPERY!

PSST! I'LL MAKE  
A BARGAIN WITH  
YE, RED. GIVE ME  
THOSE SPORTS  
SHOES AND I'LL  
PUT IN A WORD  
TO TH' CAP'N  
FOR YE!

NO  
SIREE!



"— MY BALL-BANDS HAVE THE  
BUILT-IN SPEED AND COMFORT  
I'LL NEVER GIVE UP!"

ARCH-GARD GIVES THE  
LONG ARCH NEEDED  
SUPPORT FOR MORE  
COMFORT AND GREATER  
PROTECTION.

ARCH-GARD  
CUSHIONS THE  
HEEL AND EASES  
RUNNING AND  
JUMPING SHOCK.

ARCH-GARD CUSHIONS THE  
METATARSAL ARCH TO PREVENT  
TIRING OF FOOT MUSCLES.

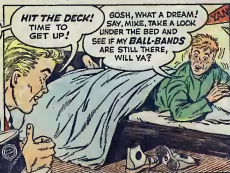
ONLY BALL-BAND  
HAS THE  
EXCLUSIVE  
ARCH-GARD



YOU ASKED FOR  
IT, RED... HIT  
THE DECK!

HIT THE DECK!  
TIME TO  
GET UP!

GOSH, WHAT A DREAM!  
SAY, MIKE, TAKE A LOOK  
UNDER THE BED AND  
SEE IF MY **BALL-BANDS**  
ARE STILL THERE,  
WILL YA?



LOOK FOR THE RED BALL-- SIGN  
OF THE BEST BUY IN CANVAS  
SHOES -- IN THE STORE AND ON  
THE SOLE OF THE SHOE.



**Ball** TRADE MARK **Band**



CLUB MEMBERS AND FANS! LOOK WHAT'S HERE!..... A BRAND NEW, HANDSOMELY DESIGNED SWEATER MADE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU. IT'S EXACTLY WHAT THOUSANDS OF FANS HAVE ASKED FOR. MADE OF FINEST QUALITY, 100% VIRGIN WOOL AND FULLY GUARANTEED

**Only \$3.95 each!**

**Money refunded if not satisfied.**

**CAPTAIN MARVEL woven right into sweater.**

**Send no money—pay postman on arrival.**

**Beauty and value beyond description.**

**Ideal Birthday and Xmas Gifts.**

**Sold by leading department stores.**



**CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB • Greenwich, Conn.**

Please send CAPTAIN MARVEL Sweaters checked below.

I will pay postman \$3.95 each, plus postage, on arrival.

(We pay postage if remittance is enclosed)

Comes in Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14

HOW MANY	COLOR COMBINATIONS	SIZES PLEASE
	MAIZE, Red and Brown	
	LUSTRE BLUE, Red and Navy	
	White, Red and Navy	

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....





Girls  
Boys

# GET YOUR PRIZE

This Easy Way



TOOL KIT



DRESSER SET



HI BOB, THAT'S A SWEET CAMERA—BUT DON'T THEY COST A LOT?

THEY DO—BUT THIS ONE DIDN'T COST ME A CENT.



IT DIDN'T? HOW COME?

I SOLD XMAS PACKS TO MY FAMILY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS AT 10¢ EACH.



THAT SOUNDS EASY. HOW COULD I GET STARTED?

JUST MAIL THE COUPON. SEND NO MONEY. THEY TRUST YOU.



LAYER!

SEE, IT REALLY WAS EASY! OUR PRIZES CAME ALREADY.

I'M PROUD OF YOU BOTH.



HERE IS A GIFT FOR YOUR MOTHER.

## MANY MORE PRIZES FOR YOU SEE THE BIG PRIZE BOOK.



Movie projector with 50 ft. of Cowboy Film. Sell one order of Xmas Packs plus \$3.50.

BASKETBALL



A fine camera complete with carrying case. Sell only one order of Xmas Packs.

PHONOGRAPH



The sensational new Remote Control Toy Car. Fun for everyone. Sell one order.

STEER—IT AUTO



Your choice of Bride or Bridesmaid Doll. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.

ERECTOR SET



Boys! Get this Official Size Football. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.

TABLE TENNIS



for Boys & girls. Sell one order plus \$1.50.

## JEWELRY ALSO

## GIFTS FOR MOTHER AND DAD UKELE



HEY RED RIFLE! FELLA!

A fast shooting 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus \$2.00.

CHEMISTRY SET



A real radio for Boys and Girls. Sell one order of Xmas Packs plus \$2.00.

ARCHERY SET



Gene Autry Guitars Full Size musical instrument with Gene Autry's Signature. Sell one order of Xmas Packs plus \$5.00.

## LOOK THEM OVER—TAKE YOUR CHOICE

Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get these swell prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother and Dad. Many prizes shown here and over 20 others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Christmas Packs at 10¢ each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in the Big Prize Book.

It is easy to sell these pretty Christmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Christmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Prize Book, or, if you prefer, take 1/5 cash commission. Many Boys and Girls sell the packs in one day and get their prize AT ONCE! You can too, so start NOW... What a thrill you'll get when you open that Big Prize Book and see those 60 swell prizes to choose from—and they're all so easy to get.

Mail the coupon today for Christmas Packs and that BIG PRIZE BOOK, tell us what prize you want.

OUR 31st YEAR SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY Dept. 603 Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 603 Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10¢ each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



**"I'LL HELP YOU  
GET A DAISY FOR  
CHRISTMAS, PARTNER!"**  
—Red Ryder



**READ THIS QUICK... Then MAIL COUPON BELOW!**

**DAISY 800-SHOT RED RYDER  
COWBOY CARBINE**

*(Designed by Zacher Design, N.Y.)*  
Looks, feels, handles like a real western cowboy gun. Carbine Ring with Leather Thong attached. Red Ryder name, horse, branded on stock.

**\$4.95**



**The  
Beautiful  
NEW DAISY  
TARGETTEE**

**SAFE  
TABLE TARGET  
PISTOL SET**

Safe, yet pistol shoots accurately to 10 feet. For adult guest entertainment, family fun, target practice indoors! Set has Shiny Chrome Plated Target Tee; plastic Shooting Gallery; 7 permanent "pinning" targets; twin class of special .38 calibre (tiny BBs) shot. Pistol "cradle" in



No. 320

**No. 320  
COMPLETE  
SET ONLY  
\$4.95**

**No. 118—DAISY TARGETTEER AIR PISTOL OUTFIT**

Famous Blue Targeteer Pistol, Target Card, 2 metal spinners, 1 tube "tiny BB" shot. Carton is target backdrop. Safe. Accurate to 10 feet. Real indoors

**ENJOY WORLD'S GREATEST THRILL!**



Boys, shoot a Daisy B-B Gun for the world's greatest thrill, most fun at lowest cost, finest training in safety, coordination, character building! Ask Dad to buy you one now from your Daisy dealer. Tell Dad you're anxious to learn now how to safely handle and shoot the accepted, spring-air Daisy B-B Gun—used by millions of boys safely during the past sixty-one years. Mail coupon today for your Free Christmas Reminder Kit. Then, if Dad doesn't get you a Daisy now—the Kit will help you get one for Christmas!

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**DAISY  
B-B GUNS**

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*Complete*

**only \$7.50**

*(Designed by  
Zacher Design, N.Y.)*



Contains RED RYDER CARBINE, Telescope Sight, Bell Ringing Metal Target, Target Cards, 10 "B-B" Paks of Bulls Eye Shot, Shooting Manual.

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A 50-shot, pump-action repeater. Beautiful "gold"-engraved jacket.

**\$6.95**

**No. 100  
DAISY SINGLE SHOT**

Muzzle loader. Ideal for younger boys.

**\$1.98**



*Prices slightly  
higher in Rockies,  
West, and Canada*

*Do not order  
guns or Bulls Eye  
Shot direct from  
factory—SEE  
YOUR DAISY*

**Send for Your  
FREE  
Christmas Reminder Kit**

Mail coupon, unused 3c stamp—we'll mail prepaid your big free, copyrighted CHRISTMAS REMINDER KIT—to reach you about Nov. 15. Kit should help "sell" your parents on getting the Daisy you want for Christmas—as it has already helped THOUSANDS. Hurry!

**RED RYDER, Care of DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.  
1289 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.**

I enclose unused 3c stamp to help cover Kit mailing cost. Please send Daisy's big, copyrighted CHRISTMAS REMINDER KIT postpaid, to reach me about Nov. 15.

Name

St. & No.

City  State